

The Evening World

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FOR CARRANZA TO CHOOSE.

SECRETARY LANSING used words enough to give the de facto Mexican Government a thorough grasp of this nation's point of view and purpose.

What it all comes to is this:

The United States Government has given Carranza every chance to get after the outlaws and border brigands who have robbed and murdered Americans. Not only has Carranza not captured these bandits, but there is little or no indication that he has even tried to capture them. United States troops sent into Mexico have been sent there, not to occupy one foot of Mexican territory or interfere with one Mexican right, but solely to check brigandage which threatens American lives. However much Carranza may object to the presence of these troops on Mexican soil, they will remain until Carranza proves that he is doing his best to secure to Americans on the border and elsewhere in Mexico that protection which it is the duty of any reputable and civilized government to provide.

Get busy or we don't get out, is the point of the long note, in seven words.

To extricate himself from a bad fix Carranza has only to come forward with an offer of honest co-operation.

If he really wishes to see his country cleared of outlaws and murderers—or at least the beginning of the operation—he will make that offer.

If, on the other hand, he does not desire murder and lawlessness in Mexico to stop, neither he nor his Government is worth an hour's further consideration.

If a majority of Mexicans were found to share with him the latter sentiment, Mexico would no longer deserve to be treated as a civilized or self-respecting nation.

A STEP FORWARD.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN is the promise of an order from the Public Service Commission requiring the Interborough to extend the "trip" signal system to the straight stretches of its local tracks.

The "trip" system provides for the automatic stopping of trains when dangerously close to one another. The Interborough is already installing the trip signals on all its express tracks and on local tracks at curves and crossovers. But the railway corporation objected to the extension of the trip devices to all its local tracks not only because of the expense but on the ground that it would be impossible to run as many trains.

"The commission, however," so one of its members is quoted, "considered safety of primary importance."

The forthcoming order is interesting in connection with one of the eight recommendations submitted by the Coroner's Jury which investigated the rear-end collision on the "L" at One Hundred and Fifty-first Street and Third Avenue a few weeks ago in which one person was killed and a number injured. The recommendation reads:

That the Public Service Commissioners be severely criticized for permitting the Interborough to tell them what a railroad will or will not do. The commission should issue positive orders to the Interborough for immediate installation of signals.

Whether the commission's zeal for automatic safety stops on the "L" is the result of pressure or merely its own investigations, the new attitude toward the Interborough is full of significance and promise.

THE SHARPEST YET.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS is the minimum fine for auto speeders in the city's new Traffic Court, over which Magistrate House at present presides.

Plausible excuses and eccentric speedometers are found by offenders of little avail. Twenty-five dollars for a first offense and \$50 for a second, with the alternative of going to jail, is the rule. One chauffeur, charged with driving a car while intoxicated, was committed to prison for thirty days in default of a \$100 fine, and the Magistrate said he would ask the Secretary of State to suspend the man's license for six months.

With an average of a hundred cases a day the new court is carrying on the sharpest campaign against reckless automobile handling that has so far been seen in New York. "The streets of this city are not reasonably safe now," declares Magistrate House. "All we can hope for is to make them reasonably safe. This court is going to enforce the law with that aim."

Careless motorists will find it profitable to take note of the new court before they find themselves in it.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Queer, isn't it, how a woman who will overlook so many faults in a man shows little or no charity for the shortcomings of a woman?—Macon News.

This is the season of the year when parents with grown daughters add the high cost of graduation to the high cost of living.—Milwaukee News.

Some good thoughts are buried under an avalanche of words used to express them.

Most of us wouldn't do what we think we would in another place.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

A Coal Complaint.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Appropos of the coal situation, I will say that a few months ago I received a ton of stove coal that filled my bin. The quality was so poor it burned my grates and made cinders. Yesterday I received another ton that did not fill my bin, and contained 40 per cent. of nut coal. Why don't the Coal Trust give quality and good size when they are getting top-notch prices? Stove coal to be marketable should not contain over 5 per cent. of nut coal, and now it contains 40 per cent. If they can sell home, from slate and bottom coal they are stealing money from the miner as well as the people.
G. Y. B.

Rush Hashonah.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to Mr. Reichman's inquiry as to the date when Rush Hashonah fell in 1900 permit me to state that the first day of Rush Hashonah was Monday, Sept. 24.
L. W.

Jamming It Down His Throat!

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By J. H. Cassel



Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

AUGUST 25.—Jerry, our jolly little elevator boy, hardly answered to-day when I said "Good morning." It was 11 o'clock and I was going downtown to take lunch with mother. Jerry is a cheerful gentleman of color, and I was so surprised at his unusual lack of responsiveness that I looked at him closely. His face was that of a weebone clown.

"Why, Jerry! What's the trouble?" I asked.

"My baby's sick," he said. We had come all the way down and were in the main hallway.

It had never occurred to me that Jerry was married.

"That's too bad," I said, "but does the doctor think it's very serious?"

"Haven't had no doctor," replied Jerry. "I owe the doctor money, an' he say he won't come till he's paid."

"But, Jerry, your baby may be ill of some contagious disease!" I exclaimed. "Have you any other children?"

"Two," Jerry admitted, dimly. "Tell me where you live," I said.

"I shall telephone at once to Dr. Houghton. He will go and see your baby and I shall meet him there. Perhaps I can help your wife."

"Oh, Miss Houghton, I don't want trouble," Jerry protested.

But I made him give me the address—up in the Hundreths, near Eighth Avenue, it was—and I called up Ned.

Luckily, I caught him just before he left his office. His response was instant.

"Of course I'll come, Mollie. But I don't like to have you go, dear, till I find out what's the matter. Won't you?"

"I'll meet you at the flat," I interposed. "Now, don't stay talking any longer. Ned, and I rang off."

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L. W.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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ACHELORS are the vera libre of love.

Most men save a lot of time and energy by yielding to a temptation or a woman first and struggling against them afterward.

To be happy with a man you must understand him a lot and love him a little; to be happy with a woman you must love her a lot and not try to understand her at all.

Nothing seems to age a woman like life with a perfectly constant husband; apparently, it takes a little uncertainty to keep up the circulation of the heart and prevent the emotions from sagging.

Not every dead love is worth embalming in the wine of memory—nor every dead flirtation worth preserving in the vinegar of cynicism.

A man's idea of a "fascinating conversationalist" is the kind of woman he loves to have listen to him.

Real pearls and real love are almost superfluous nowadays; a good imitation of either is quite as effective and so much less responsible.

It takes thirty years for the average man to form his character—and all the rest of his life for his wife to reform it.

The man who is in love with himself is the only one who is never apt to have a disillusionment or a change of heart.

"Mexico's First Chiefs."

THE first of the lengthy list of provisional presidents, "first chiefs," rebel leaders and dictators who have sought to rule Mexico in the interval since the downfall of Porfirio Diaz was Francisco Leon de la Barra, who was inaugurated provisional president May 25, 1911. This suave diplomat, who had taken over the reins of power from Diaz, soon gave way to Madero, the leader of the successful revolution. Madero was deposed and assassinated. Gen. Victoriano Huerta incurred the displeasure of Uncle Sam and was forced to abandon his job. Francisco Carranza then assuming the presidency pro tem. Upon Carranza's arrival in Mexico City the "first" Chief took over the reins from Carranza, but Villa turned against him, and Zapata, the fierce rebel leader of the south, made constant war on the Carranzistas. A peace convention was then arranged, and Eduardo Gutierrez was chosen provisional president. In the meantime Zapata had reigned in Mexico City, but he willingly gave possession to Gutierrez, who was supposed to be a Carranzista, but in reality was an adherent of Zapata. Gutierrez's administration lasted two months. Another convention was held and Roque Gonzalez Garza, a Villa man, was chosen provisional president. Garza fled after a few weeks, and Zapata again took possession of the capital. Lagos Chazaro was then named provisional president by another convention, until Carranza again assumed the leadership.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Lytton.

opened and Ned entered. He had found the place almost as quickly as I.

He examined the small baby and told the mother—her name is Sarah—that it was nothing worse than a case of indigestion. He gave her some medicine and told her to sponge all over the little feverish body.

"You mustn't feed him again to-day," he added. "Now show me the kind of milk you give him."

Sarah brought forth some that even to my inexperienced eyes looked

blue and thin. Ned sniffed at it and tasted a drop.

"No good," he announced succinctly. "I can't afford any other," said poor Sarah.

"Yes, you can, if you go to the milk station," he told her. "My wife will take you to the nearest one to-morrow. The child will be all right if you take care of him."

And before Ned went, he put a five-dollar bill in the woman's hands. My dear, generous boy!

Women Who Fail

By Nola Greeley-Smith

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No. 1.

WHY do certain women fail in business or the professions while others succeed? Why are women regarded generally as birds of passage in the industries, the trades and the arts? It is not just because they marry and give up their jobs. Marriage is not infrequently a petition of involuntary bankruptcy of women who fail. I don't mean that successful women do not marry. They do, and in the main they make successful marriages. I mean that many women try self-support for a while and, finding it too difficult, slump into matrimony—not the mating with the choice of her heart and brain, but any marriage with any man, provided it shifts the burden of maintenance to other shoulders.

Sometimes women who are failures at self-support are shining successes as wives. But it is not of wives, already advised to death, that I want to write. I am going to tell of the women I have seen fail at self-support, no matter how much they were helped by others, and of reasons why they failed.

There are ALWAYS REASONS. However much the failure may be well her "bad luck," however sincere may be her attribution the fact that other women pass her in the race to their pretty faces or charming ways, she is mistaken. Women generally overestimate the value of beauty or physical attractiveness as business or professional assets, and perhaps the most frequent failure among self-supporting women is the office siren, the young woman who tries to make her eyes take her further than her brain can go.

There are far more bright eyes than there are bright minds. And a man can find five hundred women good enough to fall in love with—for men are practical creatures in these matters—more easily than he can discover five who are competent to help him in business. To the woman on the threshold of self-support I would say this: If you are going to be a siren, BE a siren. If you are going to work, work! If you rely on wiles to take you through life, it is a sad reflection on the value of these wiles for you to have to supplement them with sordid toil. On the other hand, if you work for a living it is a sad reflection on your business efficiency for you to have to supplement your work with wiles. To a siren or be efficient in your work, and don't be both. It's the poorest compliment you can pay to your charms or your brain power.

"You needn't be so touchy," said Mrs. Jarr. "It isn't anything of importance at all, and, if it was, I don't see why I shouldn't be in your confidence, and I notice the writer asks you to come out to his house and never says a word about your wife!"

"It's just a man I met who wants me to buy some real estate; he doesn't even know I'm married," replied Mr. Jarr. "And how do you know he invited me if you didn't read the letter?"

"I couldn't help feeling that; it's right near the bottom, where the signature is, and I was trying to see who it was from," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Aren't you glad to know now?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Any letters you wouldn't want me to see come to your office; I know that."

"I do not get any letters I'm afraid of any one seeing," said Mr. Jarr.

"Then why do you get so angry when I do see one by chance?" Mrs. Jarr inquired.

"By chance?" said Mr. Jarr. "I'll bet every married woman reads all the letters of her husband she finds."

"What did husbands bring them for?"

"Then what are you making such a fuss about a letter from a real estate agent for, and why do you tell me that I'll find trouble if I do see your letters once in a while?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"What's the use of discussing it?" replied Mr. Jarr, resignedly.

"But I will discuss it," said Mrs. Jarr. "You have talked dreadfully to me, and all about a letter I opened by mistake."

"The mistake wasn't yours," said Mr. Jarr. "The mistake was mine in not giving the fellow my office address."

"Oh, that's the way you do it, is it?" asked Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "All the letters you are afraid of my seeing you have sent to your office? Oh, to think that you should admit such a thing!"

Then she burst into tears, and it took two hours of coaxing and a pair of theatre tickets to convince her that he wasn't leading a double life some way, somehow, somewhere.

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS. By W. M. Thackeray.

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE was quite willing to marry. Indeed he asked no better luck. But Fate said "No." This is the tale of Fitz's three desperate battles against that same Fate.

His first love was Mary McAllister, heiress to a fortune of \$20,000 a year. Mary hated the smell of tobacco and looked on smoking as a disgusting practice. Fitz was an inveterate smoker. (In that day it was deemed vulgar to smoke, but drunkenness was looked upon as a mere gentlemanly failing.)

Mary told Fitz she would marry him if he could keep from smoking for twelve consecutive months. Fitz promised. And a season of torturing probation began. The year was nearly up, when Fitz asked Mary to go to a Scotch fancy dress ball. A rival got hold of Fitz's costume beforehand and puffed tobacco smoke over every inch of it.

When Fitz started to dance with Mary, she gasped, choked, coughed and turned pale. Then with her first coherent words she broke the engagement.

Fitz's next bout with Destiny occurred while he was spending a few months in a little German principality. There he met a lovely damsel, Dorothea von Speck by name.

Fitz paid ardent court to her. Here again he met a stumbling block; or, rather, two stumbling blocks. One of these was Dorothea's positive horror of being made ridiculous. The other was her ardent for English literature. Fitz had no special fear of making her ridiculous in any way. But the literature obstacle seriously menaced his chances. For he had not read three books in all his life.

However, by judicious bluffing, he managed to get away with this drawback. He talked of famous British authors as if they were his chums. He told Dorothea that he and Tom Moore went fox hunting together; that he had had a violent flirtation with Maria Edgeworth; that he had been timekeeper at a thrilling prizefight between Bulwer and Wordsworth.

Everything progressed finely in this second courtship of Fitz's, until the night of a State Ball given by the local German princeling. Fitz asked Dorothea to wait with him. So gracefully did he and his sweetheart dance that every one else stopped to watch them.

Suddenly, in the middle of the slippery floor, Fitz's legs flew out from under him. He and Dorothea fell with a resounding crash, and amid a universal howl of laughter.

Never again would the mortified girl consent to set eyes upon the man who had made her appear so ridiculous in public.

Fitz, in fury, challenged to a duel a German dandy who had tried to heal Dorothea's bruised heart. He sliced his rival's face with his sabre, forever wrecking the German's good looks.

Then, to complete his revenge, Fitz proceeded to fall in love with Otilie, who was Dorothea's dearest friend. Thus began his third tussle with the fate that had ordered him to stay single.

The things about Otilie that most attracted Fitz was her daintiness. She seemed more like an angel than a mere woman. He thought she must live upon air and perfume. He had always admired such traits in a girl; and he had never loved so much.

Then, to his horror, he found out that the slim and dainty Otilie was in the habit of gorging no less than five meals a day, and that her favorite repast was made up of beer, sauerkraut and sausage. Also, that she had a record for eating eighteen huge and stale oysters at one sitting.

Turning his back on the unequal contest with Destiny, Fitz groaned aloud, in stark despair.

"Marry a woman who eats thirty-five times a week? Away!" And he fled to England and to the refuge of his bachelor clubs there.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.—SOLOMON.

The Second Courtship.

Destiny's Victory.

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